Peep Show

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Peep Show

by scifigrl47

Summary

Tony's got work to do. Steve's looking to distract him.

Tony frowned up at the rows of numbers floating above him. “Do me a favor, Jay? Send a text to Pepper and ask her if we can cancel this.”

“I do not think she would be receptive to this suggestion,” Jarvis said.

The numbers in front of Tony shifted, and Tony put them back with a flick of his fingers. “Stop messing with that, I know what I’m doing.”

“Of course you do, sir.”

Tony’s eyebrows arched. “Was that doubt I hear in your usually dulcet, digital tones?” He swept a hand through the calculations, scattering them. “Because if so? That’s hurtful, Jay.”

“Never, sir.” The numbers fell back into place, meeting Tony’s fingers halfway. Tony grinned, picking them up as Jarvis handed them off to him. “If you would care to continue-”

“I would care to tell Pepper that this acquisition was a terrible idea, there’s no fixing it, and I will be firing the entire goddamn project into the sun,” Tony said, even as he fixed the calculations with one hand and pulled up a set of diagnostic scans with the other. “Preferably along with the fuckwits that decided paying for this was a good idea.”

“Very good, sir, I’ll prep the rocket launch.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time, Jay.” Out of the corner of his eye, Tony saw a flicker of movement through the glass that formed one wall of the workshop, and turned his head just in time to see Steve jogging down the stairs. He grinned. “And speaking of a good time.”

The simulation beeped, and he reluctantly turned his attention back to it, adjusting the numbers on the fly as it ran, forcing it back into compliance. Behind him, he heard the workshop door open, and gave a quick wave. “Hey, Steve, what’s up?”

His attention was still focused on the problem in front of him, his mind working almost as fast as the computer could, when Steve’s arms closed around his waist from behind. And everything came to an abrupt halt.

This wasn’t new anymore, the solid, steady heat of Steve’s body pressed against his. The flex of his arms and the way Steve’s fingers burrowed under Tony’s shirt, looking for skin. The heat of his breath on the side of Tony’s neck, the way his lips lingered there, until Tony could feel his smile.

None of it was new. But God, Tony was never going to be used to it.

Steve shifted his weight, his hips pressing against Tony’s ass, and Tony grinned. “Well, that answers that question,” he said, reaching back to rub a hand over Steve’s hair. “Is that a gun in your pocket, are you just happy to see me?”

Steve laughed against the back of Tony’s shoulder, his head tipping into Tony’s fingers. “I’m unarmed, if that’s what you’re asking.” His hand slipped under the waistband of Tony’s jeans,

and Tony's whole body jolted.

"We both know that's a lie." He was proud of himself. He was still stringing words together in a halfway coherent manner. "Thought you were going to be at SHIELD all day today."

"Mmmm." Steve nuzzled the side of Tony's throat, all soft lips and hard teeth, and Tony bit back a groan. "Missed you."

"You woke up on top of me like five hours ago, you haven't had time to miss me," Tony said, and the simulation flashed a warning at him, bright enough and annoying enough to capture the tiny portion of his brain that was still functioning. He blinked hard, trying to focus, and it was harder than it should be.

Then again, so was he.

Steve's teeth nipped, and Tony smacked at his hip. "No. Absolutely not. I have a shareholder meeting in twenty-four hours," he said, as Steve adjusted his grip. "And if the Financial Times publishes another photo of me with a massive hickey, I'm going to have your head."

Laughing, Steve pulled back, spinning Tony in place. His face was flushed, his eyes dark, his lips swollen. Tony sucked in a breath, and another, and it made next to no difference. "Got it." His smile took on a wicked edge, his hands slipping down to cup Tony's ass. His eyes swept downwards. "I can go lower."

So many bad ideas. And he loved them all. Tony leaned in, catching Steve's laughing lips with his own, dragging him into a kiss. It was hot and sweet and Steve's fingers tightened on his ass, in just the perfect way. When Tony finally pulled away, he was breathing hard, his head spinning. "No," he managed.

Steve stole another kiss. "No?"

"No," Tony repeated, as Steve nuzzled at his jawline. "While I appreciate the offer, and God, I do appreciate the offer, I hope you know that-"

"I got the impression," Steve mumbled, his mouth busy against Tony's neck.

"Glad that's coming through," Tony said, his fingers carding through Steve's hair. "But I am working. And while I would usually say fuck it, and fuck you, in the best possible way, I really, really have to do this right now." He sucked in a breath, and another. "Trust me, I hate it more than you."

Steve grinned at him. "No time for a quickie?"

"I'm fairly certain you don't know the meaning of that word," Tony said. He pulled back, inch by agonizing inch, and Steve let him go. "But my to my eternal dismay, our fourth quarter depends on this particular presentation and our grocery bill depends on my corporate empire not collapsing out from under me."

"I do like to eat." Steve took a deep breath, and Tony's fingers twitched, an involuntary reaction. "So." He smiled. "How fast can you finish?"

“The faster you leave, the faster I can get back to work,” Tony said. Reluctantly, he turned back to his work. “And the faster I’ll be done.”

Steve pressed a kiss on the nape of his neck. “Right. I’ll be in the gym. Taking out my frustrations on a punching bag.”

Tony shook his head, doing his best to get his blood back to his brain. “Sorry I’m going to miss it.”

“I mean, you don’t have to.” Steve stepped around him, heading for the door. “There’s cameras all over this place.”

Tony’s fingers twitched in midair, disordering the schematic he was working on. A fragment of the blueplan went rolling away, and Tony made a desperate grab for it, clawing at the air like an idiot. By the time he got it back into place, he jerked around to find that he was alone in the workshop.

“What the-” He stopped, spreading his hands at his side. “What the fuck was that?”

There was a pause. “Sir?” Jarvis said at last.

“What the fuck was that?” Tony repeated, gesturing towards the workshop door. “How am I supposed to interpret that? Is there a way to interpret that, that isn’t a direct invitation?”

“I should say there ARE,” Jarvis mused. “It was, after all, simply a statement of fact.”

“Right,” Tony said, trying to focus on the simulation despite the highly inappropriate thoughts flooding his brain. “I know that fact. I designed the security system. The whole thing. Including the cameras. So why state that fact at me?”

“As a direct invitation for you to use them,” Jarvis said.

“Well, that would be stupid,” Tony mumbled, mostly to remind himself. He shifted his weight, wincing as his jeans moved against his erection. “I’m behind schedule, I’m barely going to make this work as it is, the last thing I need is a distraction. Watching Steve show off in the gym would idiotic.”

“True, sir.” Jarvis shifted the simulation into the next phase. “On the large screen, then?”

“Fuck it, give me the best angle,” Tony said, giving up without a fight. Anything else would’ve been a waste of time and energy, and the answer was going to be the same eventually. The screens on the wall of the workshop flickered into life, and Tony shifted his position to face them, dragging his work along with him.

He knew it was a mistake the moment Steve stepped onto the screen.

It was a wide shot of the gym, giving Tony a perfect view of Steve as he walked out of the locker room, his gym bag thrown easily over one shoulder. Still clad in navy blue SHIELD

branded sweatpants and a white t-shirt that clung to every inch of his torso, he shifted the bag a little higher on his back as he walked, adjusting the weight. Despite the thick fleece of his pants, his erection was a visible, drawing Tony's eye immediately.

"Tell me he locked the door," Tony said, flipping through a series of pages in front of him.

"Everyone is out of the building today, other than you and Steve, however, I did take the liberty," Jarvis said. Another simulation started running, and Tony moved it pointedly out of his line of vision.

On the screen, Steve had dropped his bag on a bench, and was pacing as he stretched out his arms in front of him. He flexed his neck, his shoulders, his shirt shifting with the movement of his muscles. Tony watched him through the thin veil of his holographic work, unable to tear his eyes away.

Steve took a seat on the bench, leaning over to remove his shoes, and Tony took the opportunity of the brief reprieve to stumble through his work. Minutes ticked by, far too fast, as Steve wrapped his hands, fingers flexing as he stood.

He crossed the gym to the punching bag, his strides loose and easy, his bare feet rolling against the floor, his eyes locked on his target. A few meters away, he launched himself forward, covering the distance in a matter of seconds, his fist finding the target dead center. The bag, which Tony had engineered to withstand the full force of Steve's strength, shuddered with the impact, rocking against its supports, and Tony rocked back on his heels, feeling his face heat.

Steve moved with a simple, controlled grace, his feet moving over the floor as he circled the bag, shifting his weight for the best angle, his fists darting forward. After that first blow, he stayed light and lose, hard, fast jabs that rocked the bag back and forth, but never pushed it out of reach. Steve turned, ducked, and spun back, one leg snapping out in a beautiful kick.

Jarvis fed another series of files into the holographic array, and Tony caught them as they fell into place, working with his AI as seamlessly as if they'd discussed it ahead of time. Jarvis knew what he needed before he could ask for it, and Tony cleared files with lightning speed, never quite losing sight of Steve, going through his paces in the background.

Finally Steve stepped back, raising the hem of his shirt to wipe the sweat from his face, and Tony's head tipped to the side, swallowing hard as Steve's stomach muscles flexed with the movement. With a visible exhale, Steve leaned back into the bag, his shoulders braced against the unyielding surface. One hand fumbled at the front of his sweatpants, the cloth bunching up beneath his fingers as he massaged his erection through the fabric. His head fell forward, his cheeks flushing as he played with himself, his breathing coming in quick, sharp gasps from between parted lips.

Tony realized with a jolt that he'd done the same, his hand working at the button fly of his jeans, desperate for some kind of relief. With an act of will, he pulled it away, shaking his head hard as he grabbed the next file. "How much more, Jarvis?" The words were slurred on the edges, as if he was drunk, as if he'd been drunk for a very long time.

“You are close to finishing,” Jarvis said, and on screen, Steve straightened up, peeling his shirt up and off, giving his head a shake as it pulled loose.

Tony let his eyes close. “You have no idea,” he said. Desperate, he tried to focus on the numbers in front of him, but they’d long since ceased to make any sense. “Zoom in for me.” Which would’ve been a humiliating request, but Jarvis had seen him do worse. Way worse.

The camera refocused, closer now, and Tony could see the sheen of sweat on Steve’s chest, the flush to his pectorals, the way his nipples tightened as he scrubbed the shirt over his chest before tossing it onto his gym bag.

He took a swing at the bag, and another, his arms coming up in a boxing stance. The moment he moved, his sweatpants slipped low, exposing the pale trail of hair below his belly button, before catching on the angles of his hipbones. He kept moving, his feet darting across the floor as he circled the bag, his pants getting looser with each step. Finally, he stopped, shoving them down and off, kicking them to the side.

Clad only in a pair of black boxer briefs that left nothing to Tony’s fevered imagination, Steve turned back to his workout. The muscles of his arms and legs were on glorious display, sweat gleaming on his skin as he moved. Tony would never get tired of watching him move, watching all that magnificent power unleashed without reservation.

Someday, that might stop being a turn on, but Tony doubted it.

He had no idea how much time passed before Steve finally stopped. Tony watched, his mouth dry and his head spinning, as Steve stepped back from the bag. He shook out his fingers and unwrapped his hands, his movements practiced and deliberate. The muscles of his shoulders and back flexed as his arms moved, his skin flushed with exertion.

Tossing the wraps onto the bench, Steve reached up, pushing his fingers through his hair. The damp strands stood on end, disordered and tangled, and Tony’s fingers twitched against the workbench. Steve glanced over his shoulder, just far enough for Tony to catch a glimpse of the curve of his cheek and the hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his lips. Steve’s hands came up, skimming over his hips, his thumbs hooking in the waistband of his shorts.

Tony sucked in a breath, air hissing through his clenched teeth. “Don’t you fucking dare,” he said, honestly not sure if he wanted Steve to hear him or not.

Steve pushed his shorts down, working them over the curve of his ass with a flex of his wrists, and smoothing them down the length of his legs. They slid down to the floor, and he leaned over, the curve of that perfect ass tightening as he collected his underwear with one finger.

Jarvis was saying something, and Tony couldn’t quite make out the words. He watched, his entire body one throbbing ache, as Steve straightened up, his free hand cupping his erection, his eyes falling to half mast as he stroked himself. It was a minute, and it felt like an eternity, watching as Steve worked himself up, his mouth falling open as his head tipped back. There was no audio, but Tony knew just exactly what kind of sounds he was making.

After a second, Steve started to move again, with any seeming rush. He walked across the gym, gloriously naked, to toss his shorts in the direction of his gym bag, his attention still on his cock. The play of skin and muscle was a thing to behold, all loose, practiced grace as his free hand stretched up to rub the short hairs at the nape of his neck.

Tony watched, his pulse throbbing in his ears, as Steve paused at the door of the shower room, turning to face the camera, a wicked, knowing smile on his face, and then he pushed the door open, disappearing inside.

Tony took a breath, and another, ignoring the way his chest ached with every one. “Fuck,” he said. He squeezed eyes shut. “Fuuuuuuuuuck.”

“Indeed,” Jarvis said, his voice dry. “I believe we are done here.”

Tony pushed himself upright, wincing as his erection pressed against the tight confines of his jeans. “No, we’re not,” he said, through gritted teeth. “I can do this, I am doing this, let’s just do this.”

“You have finished everything that needs to be finished,” Jarvis said. “I can correct the rest, sir.”

Tony’s stared at the files. “Can you?”

“Yes, sir, at this point, I’d be forced to review everything you do even if you did do it.” He paused. “You are not functioning at your highest capability.”

“The fact that I’m functioning at all is an unmitigated miracle,” Tony said. He gave his head a hard shake. “You… Can finish this?”

“Certainly, sir.” The files started closing, stacking up in neat rows, the blueprints integrating together, sliding into place like pieces of a puzzle. “And I’ve taken the liberty to make sure your path to the gym is clear.”

“Thank you, but I am so far beyond caring,” Tony pushed away from the workbench, striding, stumbling towards the door and the elevator outside. “Send it all to Pepper, please, and let her know that I’ll be ready tomorrow, I promise I will be ready tomorrow, but I will not be answering any calls for the next-” He nodded. “Give me like- An hour. Give me an hour. Or four. Max.”

“Very good, sir,” Jarvis said, and that was the last thing Tony heard.

The trip to the gym was a blur. He had no idea how long it had been, or what route he took, all he knew was that when he stumbled into the locker room, he could hear the shower going. He kicked off his shoes, and stripped off his socks, hopping like an idiot on one foot to pull each one free.

“You’re going to be the death of me, you know that, right?” Tony asked, stalking across the tile. Steam billowed through the room, hot and damp. “I have heart problems. I have heart problems and poor impulse control, and you-”

He turned the corner, coming to a stop outside of the shower stall. Steve was standing under the spray, his head hanging down, his hands braced on the wall. Tony sucked in a breath, his eyes tracing over Steve's body, from his feet to his head and back. "Fucking worth it."

Steve's eyes caught his from beneath the wet fringe of his hair. "I take it you enjoyed the show."

"I would like a season ticket, now can you get out of there and-"

Tony didn't even see Steve move. One second he was relaxing under the spray of the shower, the next, he had snagged Tony around the waist, dragging him bodily into the shower. Tony's shoulders hit the tiled wall, the impact sending a wave of pure pleasure through him. His shirt was soaked instantly, water dripping into his eyes and down his neck, and he was did not care.

Steve leaned in to kiss him, and Tony met him halfway.

It was hot and desperate and perfect, with Tony gripping Steve's wet shoulders like his life depended on it as Steve's hands slipped between them, tugging at the button fly of Tony's jeans. Frustrated, Steve growled into Tony's mouth, and Tony let his head fall back, pleasure flooding through him. "I tried," he managed, the words coming out in raw gasps. "I tried to get you out of the damn shower, you did this to yourself."

Steve met his gaze, his eyes dark, his pupils blown wide. "Been thinking about you since I walked out of the workshop," he whispered, and Tony's hips rolled against his hands, the movement involuntary. "And when you finally walked in, I figured we were done waiting."

There was a tug, and a sharp ping of metal on tile and Tony was pretty sure that Steve had just broken the button, and he did not care. He didn't care because Steve was kissing him again, as if he couldn't get enough, as if he need the contact more than he needed to breathe. His hand was forcing Tony's wet jeans open, pulling out his erection, and Tony pushed hard against his fingers, moaning in relief.
Steve knew just how to touch him, just what pressure to use, to make Tony lose his mind. His fingers digging into Steve's shoulders, he buried his face in the side of Steve's neck, whispering pleas and demands and obscenities against Steve's skin.

He was fully dressed and soaking wet and in a goddamn public area of the Tower, and none of that should've been as good as it was, but when he came, it was with Steve's mouth on his , swallowing every sound he made. He felt Steve shudder under his hands, and let himself relax.

Tony had no idea how long they were there, leaning into each other, with only the wall holding them up, but when Steve finally shifted backwards, taking his weight off of Tony, Tony managed to pry an eye open. "Sorry, did you-"

Steve grinned. "I'm lucky I made it until you showed up," he admitted. "By the time you did, I was- Ready to go."

Tony chuckled. “You lasted longer than me, but then again, you didn’t have to watch your boyfriend do a porny strip show.” He reached down, peeling his sopping wet t-shirt over his head. “Which. Thank you by the way.”

Steve took the shirt from him. “Glad you enjoyed it, I felt like an idiot.”

“You didn’t look like one.” Tony gave him a look. “Did you know I was watching?”

“I asked Jarvis,” Steve admitted. He ducked his head under the spray. “He said you’d taken the hint.”

“I mean. Yes.” Tony straightened up, ignoring how his legs threatened to go out from under him. “You made everything harder, in all senses of the word, and I don’t regret it.”

Steve steadied him, leaning in for another kiss, his lips lingering against Tony’s. “Are you done, then?”

“With work? Yes. With you? Absolutely not,” Tony said. “Upstairs, Rogers, I owe you an orgasm or two.”

“Thought you didn’t have time for a quickie,” Steve said, and Tony leaned into his chest.

“When have we ever had a quickie? In all seriousness, I don’t believe you. Every time it’s the same. You pull me away from what I’m doing with the promise of a quick blow job and next thing I know, I’m in bed, waking up from a nine hour nap.”

Steve stilled. He cleared his throat. “Huh,” he said aloud, and it was somehow a word that was a whole sentence.

Tony stared at him. “Every time,” he said, his eyes narrowing.

“Weird,” Steve said, and he pulled away, just a few inches, but more than enough. “Maybe we-”

Tony’s hand snapped out, wrapping around the back of Steve’s neck. “Steven.”

Steve let Tony tug him forward. “Anthony?”

Tony smiled. “Have you been fucking me unconscious?”

Steve choked on a laugh. “I… Wouldn’t put it that way.”

“Right, and how would you put it?” Tony asked, because that wasn’t a denial. He started to laugh. “Steve. What the hell?”

“I would say that on occasion, you get hyperfocused to the point where you reach your physical and mental limits,” Steve said, reaching behind Tony to turn off the shower. “And… Sometimes you need to be redirected.”

“So you take your pants off? Tony asked. He let his head fall onto Steve’s shoulder, still laughing in fits and starts. “This is your plan?”

“Seems to be working for me so far,” Steve said.

“Yes, but your plan just relies on me being horny and very, very easy when it comes to you, so not exactly your most shining moment of strategic genius,” Tony said. “But you know what? You’ve got another chance to impress me.”

“And what would that be?” Steve asked, grabbing a towel.

Tony looked down. “Getting me out of these wet jeans.”

Steve grinned. “A tough job. But one that comes with its own rewards.”

Tony stepped out of the shower, ignoring the way he dripped with every movement. “Let’s see just how good you are with your hands.”

"Let's go upstairs and I'll see what I can do."

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